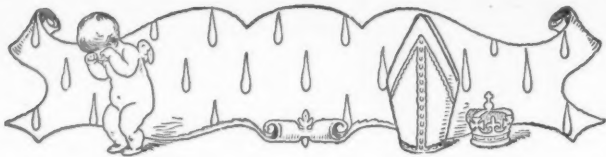




"NOW, REGINALD, PROMISE ME ONCE AGAIN THAT YOU WON'T LET THEM
PUT YOU ON THEIR HORRID FOOTBALL TEAM."



The Pines of Lory

A NEW STORY BY J. A. MITCHELL

Author of "Amos Judd," "That First Affair," "Gloria Victis,"
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It wins the affections of all who love lovers.—*Washington Evening Star*.

The book ought materially to increase the reputation of the author of "Amos Judd."—*New York Evening Sun*.

Mr. Mitchell scores again.—*New York World*.

The story is very attractively told; and what might have been a very risqué situation is saved by the delicacy of its treatment.—*Philadelphia Times*.

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TO EVERYBODY.

THE 1000th number of LIFE is approaching. Preparations are now in progress for the celebration of this momentous event.

This number, dated December 26th, will be issued the day before Christmas. It will be the regular issue of that week, containing many more pages than usual, and richly illustrated and embellished by many portraits, also by such historical persiflage as will convey to LIFE's readers some idea of his experience in arriving at his present estate.

A cover of special import has been designed by Mr. Gibson for this unique publication. This 1000th number, a tribute to those who have made the paper what it is, will prove of exceptional interest to all who have followed LIFE's career.



LIFE



EQUITY.

The Uncle (who has just bought a picture): NOW, BILLY, HOW ABOUT THIS PASTEL—WILL IT LAST?
 “WELL, UNCLE TOM, IT WILL LAST LONGER THAN THE CHECK YOU GAVE ME FOR IT!”

Ballade of Casual Kisses.

NOT carefully are these bestowed—
 These be the little coins we throw
 As largess to a beggar's woe
 Or drop unheeded on the road.
 These may not pay for pleasures owed;
 We scorn to hold them miserwise;
 Too small to spend by law or code—
 The kisses that we do not prize.
 These be the food of love, no doubt,
 Yet not for palates overnice;
 Poor food, devoid of salt or spice,
 An epicure would do without.
 Food guaranteed to give no gout;
 A Barmecidal feast that lies
 Spread for the many thronged about—
 The kisses that we do not prize.
 On infant, relative and friend,
 E'en on the sycophantic foe;
 On those we think we know we know,
 When friendships start, when friendships end,

These be the empty ones we send
 In envelopes to please—the
 eyes;
 Yea, blissful as a kiss that's
 penned—
 The kisses that we do not
 prize.

L'ENVOI.

True Lovers, make ye no ado;
 With gold thrice tried we pay
 your sighs.
 God wot they're not for such as
 you—
 The kisses that we do not prize.
 Theodosia Garrison.

THE general worthlessness of advice is exhibited in the fact that the average man would rather give it than take it.



WHAT WILLIE BAT IS AFRAID WILL HAPPEN IF THE
 FLYING MACHINE BECOMES A SUCCESS.



"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXVIII. DEC. 5, 1901. No. 997.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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THE Women's Christian Temperance Union has recorded its disapproval of the proposition to amend the Sunday law in New York in the interest of persons who want to buy beer. Under the present law the Raines-law hotels prevent Sunday from being a beerless day, but as constituted in New York they are only a device for getting around the intent of the law, and there are other objections to them that are more serious than that they sell beer on Sunday. The W. C. T. U., and other persons of like convictions, would clean out the Raines-law hotels, and give New York no Sunday drink-shops in the place of them. But there is a considerable population in New York that wants Sunday beer, and that, if pressed to a choice, prefers beer and Tammany to no-beer and an honest government. The wise men of the town are agreed that if all the saloons are closed all day on Sunday Tammany will carry the next election. Accordingly Dr. Low and the incoming administration are committed against the enforcement of a Sunday law that is inexpediently strict. The problem of the Low government is to contrive such a

Sunday law as will come nearest to satisfying all the elements which make up the Fusionist army. If that problem is solved in a way the W. C. T. U. and its allies cannot approve, it is open to them to make the best deal they can with Tammany. No doubt no-Sunday-beer is more important to them than good government, but the rest of us want good government, even though a reasonable amount of Sunday beer comes with it.



A NUMBER of newspapers, led by the *Evening Post*, express extreme solicitude to learn why Collector Bidwell, of New York, was not re-appointed. For reasons which the President has not seen fit to disclose, he disappointed public expectation and has appointed the Hon. Nevada Stranahan to succeed Mr. Bidwell next April Fool's Day. The *Post* wants irrepressibly to know why. The suggestion that Mr. Bidwell smoked cigarettes in office hours doesn't satisfy it for a minute. An appointment which would give increased publicity to a name so resonant and euphonious as Nevada Stranahan ought not to need explanation, but the *Post* clamors for reasons with all the energy of a man sitting on a tack.

There are a good many things that it is better not to know, and if, in the President's opinion, the reason for superseding Mr. Bidwell is one of them, the *Post's* curiosity may never be gratified. It seems in order for the *Post* to explain why it is so preposterously inquisitive.



KANSAS is rich; richer this year than ever before, in spite of the destruction of property by Mrs. Carrie Nation and the mishap to the corn crop. Kansas has now over eighty-seven million dollars in the bank, an average of fifty-nine dollars and twenty-eight cents for each inhabitant, and an increase of nineteen millions since last May. New York has more money than Kansas, but its money is probably not so well distributed.

Bully for Kansas!

Kansas, by the way, is a Prohibition State. It is in order for our Prohibition

friends to point out that Prohibition is the corner-stone of her prosperity, and that, though crops may have something to do with bringing in money, it is largely due to Prohibition that it lodges in the Kansas banks. That is more than the casual observer would admit. It seems probable that Prohibition never did any State any good, but this much can be said about it, that the fact that a majority of the voters in any State are willing to try Prohibition argues a degree of moral earnestness and abstemiousness in the population of that State that would naturally breed thrift and lead to prosperity. A crazy population might adopt Prohibition, but a lazy, self-indulgent, thriftless population wouldn't.



THE annual mortality lists of men shot by careless hunters in the Maine woods are getting very tiresome. This year twelve men were shot, and five of them died. In the Adirondacks the case is very much the same. One trouble is that the invading army of city sportsmen include many persons who are not fit to be trusted with any firearm. Another is that the rifles commonly used carry much too far. There is a new law in Maine, under which sportsmen who shoot men may be prosecuted, but it is not enforced. Why not make every sportsman from outside the State put up a bond for five thousand dollars, to be forfeited if he hits anything human?



LIFE'S thousandth number, which will be dated December 26, will contain, among other interesting features, the story of the progress of this periodical since its tenth anniversary, and will be embellished with likenesses of many of its artificers and contributors, both Sirs and Dames. All of them, especially the latter, will be discovered to be persons of exceptional looks, and fit, as portrayed, to inspire the rising generation to grow up not only good, but handsome. Families in which there are growing children should make particularly sure that they are duly supplied with LIFE's millenary number.



A Feminine Atlas.

THERE was once a really superior and highly cultivated woman. She had a husband who deprecated and hesitated and made long-winded apologies and explanations; and she was the mother of a little girl who had to eat food she disliked, because it was healthful, and to play when she did not wish to, because there were certain regular play hours. But what made the child more unhappy still was that she was always surrounded by "the formative influences which make for character."

The home of this really superior woman was a model. Everything occurred at certain hours, and the husband and child had to go to bed when they were not sleepy, and get up when they were, and eat when they were not hungry, because it was "the invariable rule of our household."

But the superior lady was very modest withal. "I refuse to be regarded as all intellect," she would say, playfully. "I can make a pudding and darn a stocking as well as construe Thucydides, or write a monograph on Keltic Sagas, or Chal-

dean Art." And, really, by a dint of living according to Hoyle, she accomplished a great deal, for she was connected with nine educational clubs, and her well-thumbed encyclopædia showed her diligence in writing papers.

She had boundless energy and led many women to offer sacrifice before the elusive and ironical god of Intellect.

With men she discoursed on what she considered light conversational topics. She began by asking them if they had read Hæckel, or Draper, or Nitsche, which made them feel ignorant and unhappy; and then she invariably led them through politics to the "Social Evil," which embarrassed them very much.

One day, when she was hastening to attend an important committee meeting, she was stopped by her little girl.

"Oh, mother," sighed the child, "why won't you stay and play with me, and pretend that you are a little girl, too, so that we can make mud pies, as the children do in books? I'm so tired of kindergarten games."

"Mother is too busy to play," replied the superior lady. "Play will soon seem very silly and idle to you when you realize how many things there are to learn." Then she hastened to the committee meeting.

"Oh," sobbed the child, disconsolately, gazing about her blank world, empty of fond and foolish love. "I wish God was good for something and mother didn't have to do it all."

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

THE conditions of LIFE'S Anecdote Contest will be found in our advertising columns.



"AN OLD SALT."



MAURICE HEWLETT has achieved high rank as an interpreter of the age of chivalry, and his *New Canterbury Tales*, just published, cannot but add to his reputation. We venture to hope, however, that they will not find imitators, as the old English, so well used by Mr. Hewlett, might become a worse torture than the Scotch dialect. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

Within the Gates, a spiritualistic drama by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, presents a picture of the next world much too realistic to seem real. Salvation by faith alone seems to be the moral of the play, and in reading it one thanks Leigh Hunt anew for the inspiration of Abou Ben Adhem. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.25.)

The scene of a charming story by Sarah P. McL. Greene, called *Flood Tide*, is laid among the fisher folk of the Maine coast. The book is full of delicate thought and impregnated with a salty and primitive philosophy which is refreshing. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.50.)

No home is complete without Gustavus Hindman Miller's *What's in a Dream?*, containing ten thousand "scientific and practical interpretations" of dream subjects, from Krishna to castor oil. As Mr. Miller has written these entirely by "automatic" or Planchette methods they are doubtless "inspired." (G. W. Dillingham Company. \$1.50.)

In *Warwick of the Knobs* John Uri Lloyd has executed an excellent portrait of a flinty-hearted, old, hard-shelled Baptist of "Stringtown" (Boone) County, Kentucky. We appreciate Mr. Lloyd's skill, but do not share his admiration for the type. (Dodd, Mead & Company. \$1.50.)



THE QUAKER & THE MAID. **
SAID THE QUAKER, "THEE'VE TALENT, I GRANT THEE, MUM,
BUT THEY JAY THEE CAN'T PAINT A CRYSTANTHEMUM!"
"THAT JO?" LAUGHED THE MAID,
"WELL, I CAN. LOOK AT THIS!"
"THEE CAN," SAID THE QUAKER, "NOW, CAN'T THEE, MUM?"



"DID YOU ADDRESS ME, SIRE?"
"I DID. I ASKED IF YOU WOULD JOIN ME IN A LITTLE HOT SCOTCH!"

Julian Sturges's novel, *Stephen Calinari*, is like its hero in that it constantly holds out the promise of being something unusual. Neither book nor hero fulfils the promise, and yet one likes them both. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

Farewell Nikola, by Guy M. Boothby, is a sequel to *Dr. Nikola*, by the same author. The scene is in Venice, and the plot is composed of telepathy, hypnotism and plain lies. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

- "Tommy Foster's Adventures." By Fred A. Ober. (Henry Altemus and Company, Philadelphia. \$1.00.)
- "The Little Lady." By Albert Bigelow Paine. (Henry Altemus and Company, Philadelphia. \$1.00.)
- "A Gage of Youth, and Other Poems." By Gelett Burgess. (Small, Maynard and Company. \$1.00.)
- "Songs of My Violin." By Alfred L. Donaldson. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
- "The Soul of a Cat." By Margaret Benson. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
- "From Atlanta to the Sea." By Byron A. Dunn. (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago. \$1.25.)
- "The Wouldbegoods." By E. Nesbit. (Harper and Brothers.)

THE man who likes his work has found the philosopher's stone.



FANNING THE FLAME.

He: DO YOU THINK YOUR LOVE FOR ME WILL LAST AS LONG AS THIS ENGAGEMENT RING?
"I DON'T KNOW, BUT IF YOU NOTICE IT DYING OUT YOU CAN PRESENT ME WITH ANOTHER."

Life's Nursery Tales.

DUTY AND THE DUNCE.

ONCE there was a wealthy broker, who had been so lucky in all his speculations that he was a multi-millionaire. This enabled his six children to move in the best society and relieved him of anxiety about investing his income. One day, however, he tried to corner bread and butter and failed, losing all that he owned except a Western mortgage and some mining stock. He foreclosed the mortgage on the Western farm and went to working it with his four sons, while his two daughters did the housework.

All the children lamented loudly over their fallen fortunes, except the youngest, who was so good that they called her Duty. She set them an example.

One day the father saw that his mining stock was actually selling for 304, because a syndicate was rumored to be wanting it. He made haste to leave for town. Before he went, his children, who were sure that their former prosperity would return, begged their father to bring them various impossible things. Only Duty said it would be enough for

her if he came back well himself. But when they told her to ask for something, she said, "Bring me a willow switch."

The broker promised, but on reaching the metropolis, he found that the syndicate had backed out, and the mine was deadlier than ever. Utterly disheartened, he was returning to his home, when he got off at the wrong station. It was dark, and he wandered about for some time, till he found himself before the door of a large country place.

He rang, and explained his predicament to the servant, who refused to tell what his master was, but provided the weary broker with an excellent room and supper.

The next morning the broker sought in vain for his host, to thank him, and at last he started for the station. On the driveway he noticed a beautiful old willow, and he remembered Duty's request. He cut a switch and was going on, when a voice said: "Oh, I say, you know! That's rather nasty, isn't it, to be pulling a fellow's trees when he's taken you in? I shall have to have you up, you know."

Turning in dismay, the broker saw a great Dunce in riding jeans, with a pipe in his mouth. The broker implored him to listen to his story, and begged not to be sent to the lockup for his daughter's sake. At last the Dunce said: "I say, I'll let you off, if you will send that daughter of yours to stay here a while—properly chaperoned, of course—till I see if she won't marry me. I've always said I'd go in for that kind, when I settled down, by Jove!"

The broker assented, feeling sure that neither of his daughters would come, but wanting to explain to them his predicament.

They all blamed Duty for asking for the switch, and she offered at once to go back with her father. He begged her not to, but she was firm, and said: "I may do the poor creature some good."

They found the Dunce waiting for them.

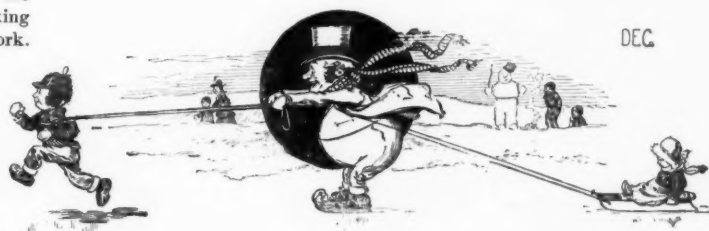
"Oh, I say, this is awfully good, you know, and here's my aunt, who's a ripping chaperon."

Duty soon bade her father farewell and began to inspect her rooms. They were filled with everything that heart could wish—dresses, jewels, and ornaments of every description—but she chose a simple black silk with a fall of lace at the throat. After dinner the aunt left them, and the Dunce said:

"I say, Duty, will you marry me?"

"No, Dunce," said Duty, very sweetly.

The next day she saw nothing of him until dinner, and then he



RENEWING HIS YOUTH.

DEC

asked her the same question, with the same answer. So it was every day. Duty did not care for his horses, dogs and hunting. She spent her day in looking through the wonderful house. There was a large library, where she improved her mind, and off of that was a little room full of check-books, with checks drawn for any amount. She amused herself for days sending these to worthy objects. In the next room was broth, always hot, and flannels for the poor. These she distributed to the deserving in the neighborhood, with questions about their husbands' habits and advice on bringing up their children.

At last the Duncce suggested that she should go home for a week. She agreed at once, but asked that her mail might be forwarded. She found her family very well and read them all the bushels of requests she received to join the Board of Lady Managers of every imaginable philanthropy. At last she told her father that if she married the Duncce she would be a great Power for Good, and she had decided to do so. Her family were delighted, and at the end of the week she went back to the Duncce, with her father to give her away, and her pretty sister for bridesmaid. It was to be a large church wedding, with delegations from all her executive committees.

As they drove up, they found the Duncce in the stable yard with his chair tilted against the wall, a whiskey-and-soda beside him, and a family of bull pups at his feet. While the pretty sister sprang over the wheel and gathered up an armful of puppies, Duty went up to the Duncce and said: "Dear Duncce, I am sorry to see how you have changed while I have been away. I have decided to marry you and then we will see what can be done."

"Thanks, awfully, Duty," said the Duncce, rising. "It's awfully good of you, by Jove, but you know I'm not sure that anything can be done with me, really, and I think I like your sister's style the best, you know. I'll just telephone the Dominie and we'll have it done right here; awfully jolly, you know."

Duty had not time to express herself before the ceremony was over and the happy couple had started South for the polo. The beaming bride left an unlimited bank account for her father, and enough for Duty, with her energy, to keep herself on most of the Boards of Managers, and she took her Duncce into a set where nobody noticed the difference.

So they all lived happy ever after.

Katherine L. Mead.

BAD manners, when unintentional, are vulgar.



"They found the Duncce in the stable yard."

The Raglan Coat.

WHEN people wrote upon the rocks,

In Nature's rude environment,
Before they learned the use of locks,

Or even knew what iron meant,

In age we call the pliocene—

Or was it known as miocene?—

A million years remote,

Some monkey-man arboreal

Conceived the weird sartorial

Design we call a Raglan coat.

Before the sky was rounded out,

When earth was in the plastic stage—

It was, beyond a single doubt,

A very loose, elastic age—

Some husky old pre-Adamite,

Who ne'er of pity had a mite,

That ever he might gloat

O'er all his fellows foolishly,

Sat down to think, and ghoulishly

Designed for them the Raglan coat.

They wore it in the days of Rome.

Old Cassius, who affected it,

So stinging was he drank the foam,

Nor ever once neglected it.

When Brutus stabbed that friend of his,

To serve a selfish end of his,

And seized him by the throat,

The savage, gleaming knife he used,

Which, taking Cæsar's life, he used,

He carried in his Raglan coat.

In all the ages—ever since

We heard the very first of it—

Its wicked deeds have made us wince,

And we have got the worst of it.

When Nero burned his city down,

And sent a rattling ditty down

From where he sat to gloat,

His inspiration fiery

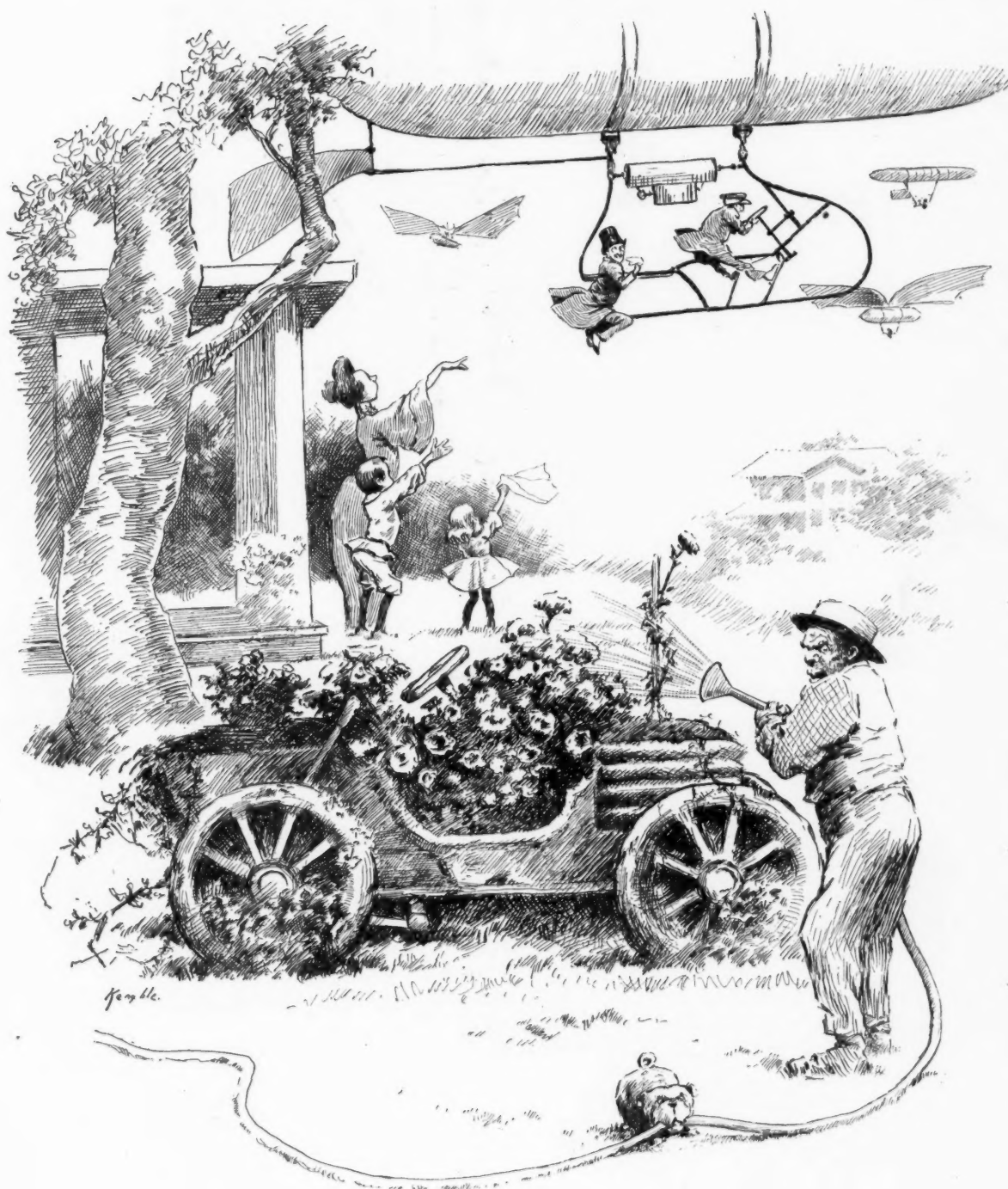
He set down in his diary—

His wife had bought a Raglan coat.

Willis Leonard Clanahan.

HE: It is a pleasure to meet a woman who has a sense of humor.

SHE: But really, one doesn't need a sense of humor to laugh at the things you say.



A PREDICTION FOR 1905.

OF COURSE THERE WILL ALWAYS BE FOUND *some* USE FOR THE AUTOMOBILE.



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MODERN CELEBRITIES

AN INTERESTING DISCUSSION BETWEEN THE AUTHOR OF "THE FRENCHNESS OF



MODERN CELEBRITIES.
OF "THE TREASON OF UNKISSED KISSES" AND A FAMOUS DRAMATIST.



"The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch."

WHETHER Mrs. Burton Harrison or Mr. David Belasco wrote "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" is not likely to bother posterity as much as the dispute between the present-day adherents of Shakespeare and Lord Bacon. In fact, if the future should hold any discussion over the play produced by Mrs. Fiske at the Manhattan, it is likely to be an effort on the part of the descendants of Mrs. Harrison and Mr. Belasco to shift the responsibility for the play each on to the ancestor of the other party. For it cannot with truth be said that "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" is in any sense a good play. It would not have been considered a good play even in the days when we cared a great deal more for the emotional drama in plain clothes than we do at present. Nowadays emotional drama—meaning thereby the kind with a tearful heroine—needs to be tricked out in something besides the garb and the surroundings of every-day life.

The efforts to brighten up the sombre theme with bits of contemporary interest, one a May party of children in Central Park, the other an assemblage of bridesmaids and an inspection of presents the night before a wedding, were failures and only hampered the action by a lot of unnecessary entrances, exits and uninteresting dialogue. We have become so sophisticated in such matters through the work of Mr. Clyde Fitch, Mr. Brady and others that the contemporary and local coloring must be introduced spontaneously and naturally, and be perfect in every tiniest detail, or we see through the trick and are not beguiled by it. As done in the present instance they add nothing to a play which otherwise consists of one very strong situation, and whose final climax is improbable in itself and shocking to the sensibilities. The main motive of the play is the love of a mother for a daughter from whom she has been separated before the child was old enough to remember her. When the restoration occurs at the end of the last act the daughter, whose father is yet living, is embraced briefly and then remains a mystified witness to the mother's affectionate death in the arms of a man who is not the daughter's father. To be sure the father has secured a divorce but

the daughter does not know this, and the whole effect is, to put it mildly, more shocking than tragic.

This seems a flippant way in which to deal with the serious effort of so sincere and competent an artist as Mrs. Fiske, but the fault is not hers so much as the play's. In the more possible scene where, in the guise of a dressmaker's assistant, she seeks to be close to her daughter on the eve of the girl's marriage, she is quite sufficiently pathetic, but her strong points are made in the spots where she can give the little contrasts of light and shade of which she is such a thorough mistress. She evidently makes no effort to correct her mannerisms—things which in most cases grow unpleasantly



ANNIE IRISH IN "THE UNWELCOME MRS. HATCH."

stronger as the years increase—but on the whole her performance of the part was better than it deserved.

The other members of the company evidently found in the material at their command little to give them inspiration. To the part of the husband, who has divorced the heroine because he was tired of her and cared for another woman, Mr. Dodson brought his excellent delivery and technical expertness. At best the character is not an attractive one, and Mr. Dodson might have made the man less offensive by making him a little more modish. Mr. Haines, who created such a good impression in "Miranda," had little to do and did it rather stiffly. Other small parts were rendered

cleverly by Mr. Figman and charmingly by Annie Irish. The setting was sufficient, but not elaborate.

So distinguished an audience is rarely seen at a first performance in New York in these times. It is a pity that Mrs. Fiske has not found a better vehicle than "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch" for her work and that of her excellent company, but the knowledge of the character of the public which is back of her should be a strong encouragement to continued effort.

AND so John Bull claims that their trips to America spoil his favorite actresses. There are different kinds of spoils, John, and none of your artists has so far been recorded as being afraid to take one with the other. *Metcalfe.*

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

Academy of Music.—"Way Down East" in spectacular form.

Broadway.—"The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast." Gorgeous spectacle, with fun and music interspersed.

Bijou.—David Warfield's clever character study of the Jewish auctioneer, *Levi Cohen.*

Criterion.—"The Helmet of Navarre." Notice later.

Daly's.—Mr. James T. Powers in "The Messenger Boy." Amusing musical comedy.

Empire.—Mr. John Drew is still "The Second in Command." Polite society drama.

Fourteenth Street.—"New England Folks." Rural drama. Very good of its kind.

Garden.—Virgilia Harned in "Alice of Old Vincennes." Notice later.

Garrick.—Fantastic play, "A Message from Mars." Clever, amusing and well done.

Herald Square.—Richard Mansfield in "Mon-sieur Beaucatre." Notice later.

Knickerbocker.—"Quality Street," by J. M. Barrie, with Maude Adams as the star. Neither dramatist nor actress at their best.

Lyceum.—Annie Russell in "The Girl and the Judge." Notice later.

Manhattan.—Mrs. Fiske in "The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch." See above.

Madison Square.—"Liberty Belles." Pretty girls, light music and fun.

Republic.—Grace George in "Under Southern Skies." Fairly interesting play, with Southern atmosphere accurately reproduced.

Savoy.—Dramatization of "Eben Holden," with Mr. E. M. Holland in the title part. Moderately interesting.

Victoria.—Excellent company in Clyde Fitch's "The Way of the World." Society comedy well presented.

Wallack's.—Augustus Thomas's "Colorado." Melodrama with local color. Interesting but not great.

Weber and Fields's Music Hall.—Burlesque of "A Message from Mars," and other things, including exorbitant prices for seats.

The American Locomotive versus Fournier.

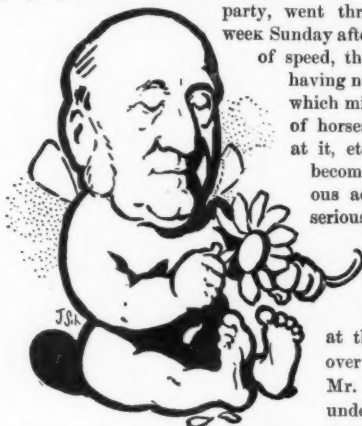
HAS there been a change of mind?

We have heard nothing recently of that suit for damages against the Long Island Railroad. M. Fournier and those Americans who were with him that morning certainly had bad luck, and it must have been very annoying to collide with an American locomotive instead of with some old man or woman who could not get out of the way in season. Even if a horse and wagon had been in the path the sporty gentlemen in the racing machine could have made short of it and the delay would not have been serious. But a locomotive! That *was* different.

This item from the *Ridgefield Press* serves to illustrate a prevailing condition:

WENT THROUGH MT. KISCO REGARDLESS OF INJURING OTHERS.

A handsome three-seated automobile, said to be the "White Ghost," once the property of Willie K. Vanderbilt, but now owned by a Mamaroneck party, went through Mt. Kisco, last week Sunday afternoon, at a terrific rate of speed, the occupant apparently having no regard for the damage which might be done, in the way of horses becoming frightened at it, etc. Several horses did become frightened and various accidents more or less serious resulted.



"SHE LOVES ME ; SHE LOVES ME NOT."

Adolph Tilford was driving Harry Fish's horse, and the animal, becoming frightened at the automobile, tipped over the wagon, throwing Mr. Tilford out. He fell underneath the wagon, but the automobile driver went



"O TEMPORA ! O MORES !"

Democratic Ass : I WONDER WHEN I SHALL BE IN THERE AGAIN.

on, and simply turned around to see the sport, and laughed.

Mr. Oliver McCaul's horse also shied at it and broke the shaft of the wagon to which it was hitched. Several other horses were also frightened, all of which was utterly disregarded by the driver of the machine, and the high rate of speed was kept up until he was out of sight.

Either the law must take a hand or private citizens must carry guns.

The Boer Tobacco Fund.

THOSE who care to send money to buy tobacco for the 5,000 Boer prisoners in the Bermuda Islands, can send it to this office. The tobacco will be purchased from the American Tobacco Company and sent promptly to its destination. Or contributions may be sent direct to Rev. J. Albertyn, Chaplain of Boer Prisoners, Hamilton, Bermuda.

Contributions to date are as follows :

Ten Sympathizers.....	\$10.00
P. S. Hill.....	4.70
W. H. Smith.....	4.32
Lover of Liberty.....	1.00

\$20.02

The Third Proposition.

IF I were thine, I'd fail not of endeavor
The loftiest,
To make thy daily life, now and forever,
Supremely blest—
I'd watch thy moods, I'd toil and wait, with
yearning,
Incessant incense at thy dear shrine burning,
If I were thine.

If thou wert mine, quite changed would be
these features.

Then, I suspect,
Thou would'st the humblest prove of loving
creatures,

And not object
To do the very things I am declaring
I'd undertake for thee, with selfless daring,
If thou wert mine.

If we were ours? And now, here comes the
riddle!

How would that work?
I'm sure *you'd* never stoop to second fiddle,
And—I might shirk
The part of serf. And, likewise, each might
neither
Be willing slave or servitor of either,
If we were ours!

Madeline Bridges.

Life's Board of Inquiry.

LIFE'S Board of Inquiry is receiving the recognition which its merits justify. Starting out with the idea of not boring the whole country to death—thus proving its originality—it is being read in detail, a thing that never before happened to the proceedings of a Board of Inquiry.

After much consideration, LIFE succeeded in securing the services of Bishop Potter and the Hon. J. J. Corbett. Mr. Corbett at first refused to serve on the ground that Bishop Potter was at one time connected with the *Journal*, but it was explained that this was all an unfortunate mistake, and that his dignity would not be compromised.

At the opening of the session was this question:

Is Willie Hearst a Gentleman?

The question, packed in ice in a long box, was brought in carefully by four men and laid on the table. It was very heavy, and the men who had been hired to bring it in were safe movers, specially engaged for the occasion.

The Court opened by saying:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you see the question that lies before us. It is a momentous question. The witnesses will please form in line, and not crowd or jostle each other."

Mr. Paul Dana now took the stand.

Q.: Are you an American?

A.: No, sir.

"Where were you born?"

"In the *Sun* office."

"Do you know J. Pierpont Morgan?"

"Only in a business way."

"Do you think you would know a gentleman if you saw one?"

"I think so."

"Now, Mr. Dana, I am about to ask you if Mr. W. R. Hearst is, in your opinion, a gentleman. You must answer according to the truth. Do not let prejudice interfere."

"I will try not to."

At this point, the Hon. J. J. Corbett interrupted the proceedings by winking solemnly to the other members of the Board, and a whispered consultation took place, after which the Court's place was taken by Mr. Corbett.

"I have interrupted the examination," explained Mr. Corbett, "as I wish to show that this witness is incapable of correct testimony. I will therefore continue the examination personally, with the Court's permission."

QUESTION BY MR. CORBETT: You think you know a gentleman when you see him?

A.: I do.

"Did you ever hear of a man named Grant?"

"You mean General Grant?"

"Yes. Was he a gentleman?"

"I should say not. He was—"

"Never mind, sir, what he was. Was Henry Ward Beecher a gentleman?"

"No, sir. He was a scoundrel!"

"How about Grover Cleveland?"

"A great, big—"

"That will do. Now, sir, how about Bill Tweed?"

"A splendid man—a perfect gentleman."

"That will do, sir."

"I think I have shown," said Mr. Corbett, "that this witness's ideas about a gentleman are a trifle cloudy."

This being evident, Mr. Dana was excused.

The next witness stood up.

Q.: This is Senator Depew?

A.: Yes, sir.

"Senator, do you consider Mr. Hearst to be a gentleman?"

"I would rather not answer."

"Well, we will put it in another form. Do you consider that he isn't a gentleman?"

"I would rather not say."

"Then what did you appear at all for?"

"I merely wanted to say that I like to be friendly with all newspaper men—it has been a policy of mine—and I hope everything will be all right, and no one will think any harm of me. I wish you all well."

At this juncture a commotion was heard

in the rear of the court room, and the Great Hearst himself sauntered up to the witness stand.

"With your permission," he said to the Honorable Court, "I would like to make a statement. It is evident that this inquiry can make no progress, as all the witnesses are incompetent. Let me put an end to the matter by stating that I am a real gent."

QUESTION BY THE COURT: Do you consider yourself a judge?

A.: I am a judge of my own actions, and I know I am a gent. I am running a vulgar, debasing, claptrap sheet, and my ambition is to make it the worst in the country. And I've succeeded.

Every well-regulated Board of Inquiry must have findings. Mr. Hearst having wound things up, the Board proceeded to get together all the findings they could, and the result was as follows:

Resolved:

1. That Harvard College does not confer the degree of LL. D. on either Paul Dana or W. R. Hearst.
2. That the question be buried.
3. That a statue of W. R. Hearst be put in front of every sewer below Fourteenth Street.
4. That Chauncey Depew is not his own fault.

A Useful Lesson.

MRS. PUSHER: Thank heaven, that visit is over. How rude the woman was to me!

MR. PUSHER: But what took you there? You knew—

"James! She was born a Valancey; she goes everywhere. Besides, now I know how it is done."

ALL told, it takes a thief and a reformer to catch a thief.



The Minnow: CAN YOU TELL ME THE STORY OF JONAH AND THE WHALE?

The Cod: CAN I TELL YOU THAT STORY? WHY, BOY, I'M THE WHALE!



IN FUTURO.

"YOU ARE NEARLY AN HOUR LATE, DEAR."

"YES. THE AIR SHIP BROKE DOWN, AND I HAD TO FLY HOME."



PARADISE.

HE.
A set of clubs, a ball upon the tee,
And you, afire with love, along to see,
And praise each splendid drive or clever put,
I trow were paradise enough for me.

SHE.
A fig for such a case as that would be,
I'll call it paradise enough when he
That seeks to have me with him shall forget
There's anything around to praise but me.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

DIFFERENT persons may not agree at all as to the desirability of hand-organ music, but all city dwellers will agree that when the owners of the hand-organs have formed the habit of visiting certain places regularly, it is hard to get rid of them. The New York *Ledger* tells an amusing story of the plan adopted by Méry, the French novelist. He was one day visiting Sandeau, when an organ-grinder halted in front of the academician's house and began to play.

Sandeau, with a gesture of irritation, rose from his seat, took a half-franc piece from his pocket and flung it at the tormenter, calling out as he did so: "Be quiet and go away!"

"What!" said Méry. "You encourage that detestable kind of thing? That man will now return every day, and not only that, but he'll pass the word to all his comrades."

"But what am I to do?" asked Sandeau.

"The street I live in," replied Méry, "is one of those infested by organ-grinders. I had only just moved into my apartment and opened my window for the first time, when one of them planted himself on the pavement opposite.

"He ground out the 'Miserere' from 'Il Trovatore.' I manifested a lively satisfaction.

"After the 'Miserere' he obliged me with a waltz. I took a chair and seated myself on the balcony.

"He then played me the air of one of the most popular songs of the day. I clapped my hands enthusiastically.

"Then he passed to the air of a sentimental song; I called to my servant to come and listen to it.

"Encore!" I cried. He played the tune over again, then politely took off his cap and held it toward me, whereupon I instantly banged the window shut.

"I went through the same pantomime with five or six of the colleagues of my first musician, and then the cure was complete. Better than that, even; for yesterday morning, as I was quietly taking the air, I saw approaching a man in velvet trousers and with an organ on his back.

"He raised his eyes to mine and quickened his pace, after making a gesture of disdainful defiance, as much as to say: 'You'd like me to play you a tune or two, wouldn't you? But you've taken me in once; you'll not do it again!'"

SCHOOL-TEACHERS sometimes ask their pupils queer questions, if one may believe a story told by the youngest member of the Withington family.

His mother one morning discovered a shortage in her supply of pies, baked the day before, and her suspicions fell upon Johnny.

"Johnny," she said, "do you know what became of that cherry pie that was on the second shelf in the pantry?"

"Yes, ma'am," he replied, "I ate it. But I had to."

"You had to!" exclaimed his astonished mother. "What do you mean, child?"

"The teacher asked yesterday if any of us could tell

her how many stones there are in a cherry pie, and I couldn't find out without eating the whole pie, could I? There's just a hundred and forty-two."—*Youth's Companion*.

Nor long ago Professor N. R. Leonard, who was called recently to the presidency of the mining college at Butte, Mont., feeling indisposed, consulted his physician, a German, very scientific and acknowledged as one of the leading men in his profession in Montana. The doctor advised Mr. Leonard to work less at the desk, exercise more outdoors, and take beer as a tonic, something the professor had never cared for. The doctor met his patient a few days later as he was leaving the college, and stopped to inquire how he was feeling.

"About the same," replied the professor.

"Did you take beer as I directed?" inquired the physician.

"Yes," responded the professor; "I took it a few times, but it became so nauseous that I had to discontinue it."

"How much did you take?"

"Why, I bought a whole bottle, and took a spoonful before each meal," answered the professor.—*Argonaut*.

A NERVOUS-LOOKING girl consulted a doctor, who asked her what she was suffering from. Her answer was as follows:

"I'm a telephone-girl, doctor, and the work is a terrible strain on my nerves. The monotony of having a receiver constantly at my ears, and saying: 'Hello!' tells upon my nerves. When off duty I am always having 'Hello!' ringing in my ears, and I am constantly saying it. When I go to bed, I wake up from sleep saying 'Hello!' And even when I kneel down to say my prayers I instinctively say 'Hello!' before I commence them."—*Sporting Times*.

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LIFE will pay ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best anecdote, FIFTY DOLLARS for the second best anecdote, and TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the third best anecdote, subject to the following conditions:

- 1.—Anecdotes must not be longer than five hundred words, typewritten, on one side of paper only.
- 2.—Every anecdote sent in must first have appeared in some book or volume, the contents of which have not been published before its appearance. Anecdotes will not be considered which are taken from the bound volumes of magazines or periodicals of any description.
- 3.—There is no limit to the number of anecdotes that can be sent in by any one person. But no single contributor shall be entitled to more than one prize.
- 4.—Every anecdote must contain in the upper right-hand corner of the first sheet the title of the volume from which it is copied, the name of the publisher and the date of the publication of the volume. Where date is not given, this should be stated by the words ("No date").
- 5.—The contributor's name and address should be written plainly on the back of each manuscript.
- 6.—The anecdotes should be addressed to "Anecdote Editor of LIFE, No. 19 West Thirty-first Street, New York," and should be accompanied in each case by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Otherwise the Editors will assume that in case of rejection the return of the manuscript is not desired, and it will be destroyed.
- 7.—Anecdotes will be read in the order received, and if there are duplicates, only the first will be considered.
- 8.—Any period in the world's history and any language can be drawn from, but if from a foreign language, anecdotes must be translated into English.
- 9.—The following definition from the Century Dictionary will govern the meaning of the word anecdote as applied to this contest:
A short narrative of a particular or detached incident or occurrence of an interesting nature: a biographical incident; a single passage of a private life.
- 10.—From the anecdotes received LIFE will publish the best. At the close of the contest the prizes will be awarded to the three contestants who, in the judgment of the Editors of LIFE, have contributed the best three anecdotes.
- 11.—The contest will close on February 1, 1902.

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"Oh, hang it! I must put up with that," answered the pretty one, pettishly. "Even that would be preferable to contemplating some other woman repenting at leisure with him."—*Sporting Times*.

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—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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BLOX: You don't call that easy, do you?

—*Detroit Free Press*.

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A LOCAL paper of Sterling, Kan., noted the other day, that "A fleet of prairie schooners passed through Sterling Wednesday, in a straightaway race to windward, with Oklahoma as the final goal. They left here in a bunch at 10:32, with clubtopsails and jibs set, with fair prospects for a pleasant voyage. They had balloon jibs and spinnakers furled away in their feed boxes, and it is expected all will finish the course before the expiration of the time limit."

—*New York Tribune*.

MANY of "the 400" will rendezvous in California this winter. Best train for best travelers is The California Limited, via the Santa Fe.

"WHAT'S this?" exclaimed the minister to the bad little boy with the big gun. "Don't you know what will happen to little boys who go gunning on the Sabbath?"

"No. What?"

"You'll go to a bad place, sure—"

"I guess you're right. I never struck a place as bad as dis is for gunnin'!"—*New York Weekly*.

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Kind hands lifted him to a couch, and somebody went for a doctor.

The more curious among those present picked up the paper and saw what had shocked him. It was an item reading:

"California will ship sixty million pounds of prunes to the Eastern market this year."—*Baltimore American*.

CALIFORNIA'S resort hotels will be well patronized by "the 400" this winter. Best train for best travelers is The California Limited, via the Santa Fe.

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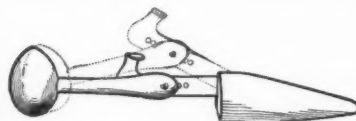
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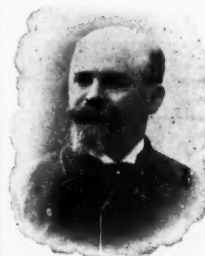
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"BUT WHY DOES HE CALL IT 'THE CONFLAGRATION'?"
"HE SAYS HE FEELS THAT PAYING BILLS IS JUST LIKE
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have grown into even greater
popularity—deservedly so.

Every good dealer sells them.
C. H. Evans & Sons, Hudson, N. Y.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."
—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

MARTELL'S
THREE STAR
BRANDY

AT ALL BARS AND RESTAURANTS.

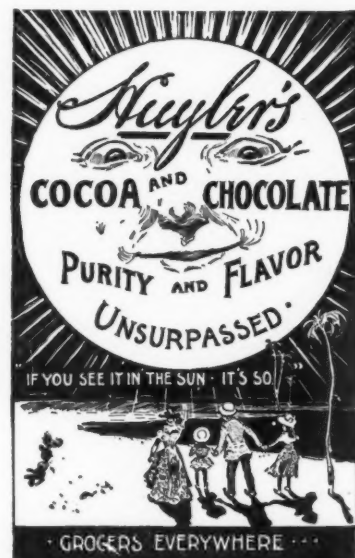


Ex Dry 1893

Brut 1892

Duminy Champagne

Cordman & Hall Co. Agents for the U.S.
Boston, Mass.



Nestle's
COCOA AND CHOCOLATE
PURITY AND FLAVOR
UNSURPASSED.
IF YOU SEE IT IN THE SUN - IT'S SO
GROCERS EVERYWHERE